

An Exemplary Wand for Scorpius Malfoy

by persephoneapple

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Summary: Scorpius Malfoy walks out of Ollivander's Wand Shop with a one-of-a-kind wand. Scorpius, Draco/Astoria [AO3 tags: Wands, Wandlore]

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>DracoAstoria, Scorpius [G, 817 words]**

>Disclaimer: JK Rowling and co own everything. I'm writing for fun and not for profit.

>AN:** One of my first fics written in 2014. Still unbeta'd and written for the prompt: oak.

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><p>An Exemplary Wand for Scorpius Malfoy<p>

Scorpius had never thought he would shop in Diagon Alley with both of his parents, yet here he was, standing between them as they exited Flourish and Blotts with three sacks full of books.

There were two places his father didn't enter: Madam Malkin's robes shop and Ollivander's Wand Shop. He dropped them off at the latter shop, saying that he had some business to attend to at Gringotts. Before Scorpius could ask why, his mother had ushered him inside the empty shop to buy his first wand.

Old Ollivander now used a cane and he had glasses so thick, it would have been kinder to call him blind. However, when he saw Scorpius, he gave a double-look and peered down at Scorpius for a long time, who fought the urge to squirm. At last, Ollivander leaned back in his chair and asked in a quiet voice, "Are you Lucius Malfoy's grandson?"

Scorpius nodded, clasping his hands behind his back and too late he realized that he should have offered the shop owner his hand.

"Where will you be attending?" Ollivander's voice was rough and he had a stern expression on his face, which made Scorpius wish he had his father standing right next to him. His father protected him from everyone.

Scorpius swallowed hard before saying, "Hogwarts, Sir." If Ollivander was surprised at being addressed so properly by a young child, he didn't show it. Instead, he asked, "Do you have any idea into which House you will be Sorted?"

At this, Scorpius had nothing to tell but the truth. "I honestly have no idea. I'm lucky just to have been accepted into Hogwarts at all." His father had been extremely pleased and proud when Scorpius had received his Hogwarts letter, smiling and giving him a fierce hug, which had surprised Scorpius. Draco Malfoy almost never gave any signs of affection, even to his own wife.

When Scorpius had asked his mother in private about why his father had been surprised about him being accepted into Hogwarts, she had murmured something about Beauxbatons and Durmstrang being too far away and his father would have missed him.

So, yes, he would attend Hogwarts, but Scorpius didn't know if he would have any friends.

All day, he had seen children walking around excited, laughing with each other and it made him yearn to be a part of it. However, no one had talked to him, even going so far as to ignore him when they recognized him. Scorpius had never felt so lonely, but it was expected as the son of a Death Eater. At least he hadn't been hexed.

Mr Ollivander gave a slight frown. "You don't believe you'll Sort into Slytherin? After all, every Malfoy going back several generations has belonged to the same-

"That's enough!" Astoria Malfoy said behind him, and Scorpius could hear the fury in her voice increase as she continued speaking. "Either let him choose a wand or we'll take our business elsewhere."

The look Ollivander gave Scorpius' mother would have made a weaker person tremble. "You forget, Mrs Malfoy, that it's the wand that chooses the wizard based on his character traits."

"Just what are you implying? He is just a child. Do not blame the sins of his father on him." Astoria placed a hand on Scorpius' shoulder, squeezing it slightly.

"Very well." Mr Ollivander stood up from behind the counter and Summoned many long, thin boxes for Scorpius to try.

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><p>"Let me see it," Draco Malfoy said later that evening, holding out his hand expectantly. Scorpius had followed his father into his

study after dinner and now Scorpius began to feel nervous. He didn't want to part with his wand so soon after taking so long to find it, but he was curious about his father's opinion on something so precious.<p>

"It's thirteen inches long, made of English oak," Scorpius said, twisting his fingers. "I know it's a common tree, nothing like your hawthorn used for medicine, or Mother's birch-"

"Oak is perfectly fine," his father interrupted. "In fact, the oak tree is considered sacred to the ancient Muggle Greek god, Zeus."

Scorpius smiled, pleased that so far his father didn't find fault with his wand. "Mr Ollivander was actually surprised when this wand chose me."

"Oh?" Draco frowned at his son's words.

Scorpius nodded. "Mr Ollivander said it was an exemplary wand for Defensive spellwork and that I could do great things with this wand."

"There's nothing unusual about that. And the wand core?" Draco examined the wand up close, finding it rather flexible and red sparks shot out when he tried it. He was so surprised that he almost didn't hear Scorpius' answer.

"That's the best part!" Scorpius said as he took back his wand and used it to Summon a copy of Hogwarts, A History. "My wand has a single phoenix feather just like Harry Potter's!"

End
file.